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ART OF HISTORY.

HISTORY is the most important department of literature, and, considered as an art, its position is altogether peculiar. Other literary arts, such as biography, poetry, and romantic fiction, have submitted to various vicissitudes in their career; sometimes advancing with rapid strides, sometimes diverging into a fantastic and unreal refinement, and sometimes sinking back into original rudeness. At this day, the world, notwithstanding all its hoary experience, is often counselled, as regards them, to retrace its steps, and seek not only for truth and nature, but artistical beauty in the earlier models. In history, on the other hand, all, or almost all, is progress; but a progress so slow, that as yet we are only in the infancy of the art. It was not, indeed, till almost within the memory of living men that we began to form even a faint conception of the true meaning of the term, or do more than vaguely suspect that history had higher functions than as the mere handmaid of memory.

The art of poetry was as well understood in the rude age of Homer as at any after time; and Aristotle and Horace, Despreaux, Boileau, and Pope, left it just where they found it. The progress of history has been very different; so different, that the one would appear to belong to human nature, and the other to be an emanation of the particular age. Writers on this subject tell us that the first historian was the first man: that he who related to his children the events of his life related history; and that the commemorative altars, temples, trophies, and names of places of ancient nations, are all examples of the same art. But here, we humbly conceive, two very different things are confounded—the materials of history, and history itself. In the tombs of Egypt were buried with the dead not merely chronological dates, but either specimens or paintings of the local and household objects the living eyes must have rested on; and in such abundance and completeness, that an antiquary of our day has boasted that he could write the court journal of the fourth Memphitic dynasty five thousand years ago. But although this journal, if executed, might be history, the specimens and paintings from which it would derive its facts are no more so than the separate stones of a pyramid are the pyramid itself. In the same way, the traditions of a district delivered by a clown are not history, but materials which must be examined, sifted, compared, and reduced to coherency by him who would assume the functions of a historian. After all these things, though perhaps not less ancient, are the popular rhymes, first used in the service of the gods, and then in the commemoration of great actions. Of such were the materials supposed to have been wrought up by Homer. Even the 'Iliad' itself belongs to the same class; for although the exploits of the

heroes, natural and supernatural, may throw but little light upon the actual siege of Troy, the manners described throughout the poem are historical monuments of the highest interest.

The Hebrews appear to have been the first historians as well as the first poets; but the genius of that peculiar people was consecrated to religion. Their songs were divine hymns, and their chronicles, after the Pentateuch, the performances of priests acting under the command of Joshua and his successors. When religion no longer demanded their pen, its virtue passed away; and the harp of Judah was hung upon the willows to this day. The Greeks had a greater influence upon literature; but we must not suppose, from his having received the name of the Father of History, that the art was born with Herodotus: various prose authors, as we read in Strabo, preceded him; some of whom merely discarded the measure without changing the poetical style; while others left local and personal histories, written without any attempt at adornment. After them came Herodotus, a man of infinite curiosity, who delighted to inquire, travelling over the narrow space of the then known world for the purpose of doing so, and giving forth in a picturesque narrative, but without comparison or criticism, the answers he received. Sometimes his facts are true, sometimes fabulous; but even in his fable there is usually a meaning, since the popular belief has always some nucleus of truth. But his 'collation of connected evidence' is only a dream of his translators; and as for the results of his personal intercommunion with the priests of Egypt, they were unable to tell him one-half of what in our own day has been dug out of the Pyramids by the school of Champollion.

History received a new development in Thucydides, who set the first model of perspicacity and selection. Among the Romans this style came to perfection in Livy and Tacitus; and then began the convulsions which overthrew and reorganised Europe, and raised up new languages and new literatures to rival those of Greece and Rome. Civilisation was thrown backward only to make the greater spring; progress was interrupted, but only like a torrent, which sweeps on with increased volume and mightier force after some temporary obstacle. At the revival of learning, however, the ancients were consulted merely as a school for the cultivation of individual tastes. Thus, although the grammarian, the politician, and the soldier, in writing history, learned something from Livy and Tacitus, they did so each in his own peculiar line; and it was this which made Clarencas, in his attempt at an historical introduction to the belles lettres and sciences, declare, though writing in the early part of the eighteenth century, that the ancients were still our superiors in history. But at length these petty demarcations were effaced in the progress of intellectual development; and

so far from stopping at the point of comparative excellence, where the line of history had been broken off by the disturbances of the European system, the same century saw us far in advance, and still on the onward march. Hume is far before any older writer; Gibbon and Robertson gave an authority to history it had never before obtained; and Niebuhr and Savigny, Guizot, Michelet, and Thierry, have brought about what must be considered as the beginning of a new development.

The ancients wrote their own history without a guide or a study, while the moderns have the career of the whole antique world mapped out before their eyes. At the present day, we not only enjoy this advantage, but are able to trace the progress of the new nations of Europe from their commencement to their maturity. The consequence is, that the art has entirely changed its character. Men, while admiring the pictures of Gibbon, curious in their details, but magnificent when viewed as a whole, feel that there is still something more in history; and each successive work is now rather a groping and grasping after that something than an actual achievement. Vico, even before the days of Hume, projected a philosophy of history, which he fitly called the New Science, with the object of determining the principles by which the progress of nations is governed. He imagined that human nature was under one unalterable law of progression, and that this law might be deduced with scientific accuracy from the facts of human history. This great conception was afterwards seized by Herder, who, however, while recognising the existence of an unchangeable law, perceived that it was constantly modified in its manifestations by time, place, and a thousand other circumstances. The obstacle of the difference of races, now assumed as a fact, was thus removed out of the way of the new science; but it is obvious that the establishment of a general rule of history, subject to such endless modifications in particular histories, would be of little real utility. The grand practical truth, however, is recognised by all the recent historians—that there is an eternal relation between institutions and ideas; or, in other words, between the popular character and the mode of government. The science of character, therefore, or ethnology (first so-named by John Mill), must precede that of history, for the one is based upon the other.

But in these slight columns we must confine ourselves to history considered as a literary art, and explain why, after all the names of power we have mentioned (to which the intelligent reader will be able to add many more), we have ventured to consider it as being yet in its infancy. We have said that the restricted views which, after the revival of learning, bound up history in individuality, were opened out in the progress of intellectual development; and this is true, or the world would have wanted even the works of those who are called our classic historians, not to talk of any more recent ones. But the tyranny of literary and professional tastes was succeeded by other tyrannies; and the ignorance which wrote history in the fashion of a mere grammarian, or mere politician, or a mere soldier, was absorbed in an ignorance as revolting and as unconscious. Even Gibbon sneers throughout his great work at Christianity—the philosophy of the vulgar, as well as of the learned, and the greatest of all the agents of human progress. Then came Protestant histories, and Catholic histories, and Whig histories, and Tory histories! The annals of human nature were jumbled up with doctrinal polemics; and the task of tracing the

social and political institutions to their origin in the minds of men was identified with the service of a particular party in the state! Only a few months ago, the first portion of a voluminous history appeared, but the author was a Whig—his very publishers were Whigs; and its reception by those who assume the name of critics, depended therefore, as a matter of course, upon the colour of their politics. It was reviewed like a political pamphlet, and either praised or condemned upon small party grounds; and the author was even censured for making his book 'as entertaining as a romance,' by describing with some minuteness the manners of his epoch—the external manifestations of that character on which the institutions of the people were founded, and by which their historical fate was decided.

This, it must be admitted, is disheartening, after the long career of history we have so rapidly traced; and in our opinion it is owing, as we explained on a former occasion when treating of another department of literature, neither to want of genius nor of reflection, but solely to the comparative destitution we labour under with respect to critical science. We use the qualifying word 'comparative,' because, in reality, two or three excellent, but somewhat misty papers on history, have within the last six or seven years adorned the periodical press; although, even if the number were vastly greater, there would still be much difficulty in opening the mind of the country to the legitimate objects and true dignity of history. In the time of that ill-assorted, though constantly joined trio—Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson—the duty of history was to trace the proximate causes of events. We now go deeper, and follow these causes themselves to their origin in ideas. The continuers of Hume swelled out their political narratives by reporting the wearisome debates in parliament. We of the present day would consider parliament as giving voice to the thought of the time, and we should consider that thought as existing in the character of the people, modified by circumstances, and reacted upon by institutions originally emanating from itself. We should describe, as formerly, the career of war; but war rises from elements engendered, or set in motion, in the bosom of peace, and there we should seek out its origin. In everything we have a wider and nobler scope than our elders; and it puts us out of patience to think that we should suffer ourselves to be hindered in our onward path by narrow polemics and paltry idiosyncrasies.

A French author is subjected to more temptation than his English brother. He may be called upon to make history as well as write it: riches, honour, political distinction—all are within his reach. In England, a man writes for money; but a little money will suffice for the support of a true literary man. He has still time for the past and the future; and the present has no enticements to lead him away from the aspirations of a prouder ambition than that of a peerage or a seat in the cabinet. But notwithstanding this, there is more true literary enthusiasm in France than in England; and in the former country there is now a more profound erudition than among the countrymen of Gibbon. The divergence so obvious in the paths of the great French historical writers is caused, not by the mere separations of clique and party, but by the restless aspirations of their minds, at a time when a revolution has commenced in the art of history as mighty as any of the political convulsions of their country. Michelet, turning away from the allurements of the time, glories in being merely an author; and the wild and ardent

Thierry is the author, *par excellence*, of the present world. 'His life,' says a Review now defunct as a separate work,* 'is a lesson to all men of letters, at once grand, thoughtful, and affecting. In it may be read the triumph of a great intellect, when fortified by a noble purpose, over the painful "ills that flesh is heir to." He has prostituted his pen to no court or ministry; he has sacrificed his soul to no luxurious and ignoble idleness. History has been his passion and delight. Blindness, paralysis, and helplessness, have been the fatal consequences of his too great application: the eyes that read so eagerly, gradually dimmed until they lost all power; the very hand that traced the narrative of his country's struggles refuses now to hold a pen. Nothing remains but the great heart and intellect "de faire amitié avec les ténèbres," as he pathetically says. It is a sad spectacle. The visitor goes expecting to see the animated, enthusiastic author of the "Norman Conquest," and he sees the servant bringing in his arms a helpless creature, who, when gently placed in his chair, begins to talk with all the faith and enthusiasm of youth. The spirit-sighted countenance of the "old man eloquent" warms into a glow as he speaks of his favourite study. You forget, as you hear him talk, that he is so afflicted: he does not forget it, but he does not repine.' In an autobiographical work, he says that he has given to his country all a mutilated soldier gives on the field of battle; and yet, blind and suffering as he is, without hope, and almost without relaxation, his experience enables him to declare that there is something better in the world than material enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself—and that is the devotion to science!

Although it is beyond our province to enter into the extensive question of a science of history, we may yet deduce from the preceding sketch one suggestion, which would seem to involve an indispensable preliminary in every attempt at the advancement of the historical art. The early historians were mere story-tellers, conducting their narrative with more or less truthfulness and tact. After them there was infused into history the element of doubt, which formed, in fact, a new development; and to this was added, by the genius of Gibbon, a keenness of view and a breadth of design which were the triumph of the art as it then existed. But his object was still limited. In his hands the body of history became perfect, but it wanted the soul. He wrote the biography of a nation: but history is something more than this. The life of a man is closed in death—and there's an end; but that of a nation is a succession of existences—a succession of developments—which by no means terminate with any given epoch. The Roman Empire did not perish with its fall: its elements were merely distributed, like those of a dead body; and they still live, and breathe, and triumph in new forms. A historian who restricts his view to the goal he proposes for his work is a mere mechanic, however exquisite his skill. He will not comprehend events unless he is able to carry his eye far beyond, along that great chain of which they are merely individual links. He must be a poet and a philosopher as well as a historian: he must be able to penetrate into the finer mysteries of human nature, and predict from individual character and social tendencies the future of the human race. We insist the more upon the necessity for an open and capacious mind, and a bold and soaring spirit, in him who would instruct mankind in their history, that it is owing, in our opinion, to material and restricted views that so many of the writers and critics of this country still linger among the mean polemics of sects and parties. Freedom of the press is an attainment of little consideration, unless accom-

panied by that nobler freedom of soul which implies in itself large views, generous aspirations, and a proud faith in the surpassing grandeur and nobility of literature.

L. R.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

'It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls,' observed my wife, as Mary and Kate, after a more than usually boisterous romp with their papa, left the room for bed. I may here remark, *inter alia*, that I once surprised a dignified and highly-distinguished judge at a game of blindman's buff with his children, and very heartily he appeared to enjoy it too. 'It is really time that a properly-qualified governess had charge of those girls. Susan May did very well as a nursery teacher, but they are now far beyond her control. I cannot attend to their education, and as for you'—The sentence was concluded by a shrug of the shoulders and a toss of the head, eloquently expressive of the degree of estimation in which my governing powers were held.

'Time enough, surely, for that,' I exclaimed, as soon as I had composed myself; for I was a little out of breath. 'They may, I think, rub along with Susan for another year or two. Mary is but seven years of age'—

'Eight years, if you please. She was eight years old last Thursday three weeks.'

'Eight years! Then we must have been married nine! Bless me, how the time has flown: it seems scarcely so many weeks!'

'Nonsense,' rejoined my wife with a sharpness of tone and a rigidity of facial muscle which, considering the handsome compliment I had just paid her, argued, I was afraid, a foregone conclusion. 'You always have recourse to some folly of that sort whenever I am desirous of entering into a serious consultation on family affairs.'

There was some truth in this, I confess. The 'consultations' which I found profitable were not serious ones with my wife upon domestic matters; leading, as they invariably did, to a diminution instead of an increase of the little balance at the banker's. If such a proposition could therefore be evaded or adjourned by even an extravagant compliment, I considered it well laid out. But the expedient, I found, was one which did not improve by use. For some time after marriage it answered remarkably well; but each succeeding year of wedded bliss marked its rapidly-declining efficacy.

'Well, well; go on.'

'I say it is absolutely necessary that a first-rate governess should be at once engaged. Lady Maldon has been here to-day, and she'—

'Oh, I thought it might be her new ladyship's suggestion. I wish the "fountain of honour" was somewhat chrier of its knights and ladies, and then perhaps'—

'What, for mercy's sake, are you running on about?' interrupted the lady with preeminent emphasis. 'Fountains of honour, forsooth! One would suppose, to hear you talk in that wild, nonsensical way, that you were addressing a bench of judges sitting in *banco*, instead of a sensible person solicitous for her and your children's welfare.'

'Bless the woman,' thought I; 'what an exalted idea she appears to have of forensic eloquence! Proceed, my love,' I continued; 'there is a difference certainly; and I am all attention.'

'Lady Maldon knows a young lady—a distant relative, indeed, of hers—whom she is anxious to serve'—

'At our expense.'

'How can you be so ungenerous? Edith Willoughby is the orphan daughter of the late Reverend Mr Willoughby, curate of Heavy Tree in Warwickshire, I believe; and was specially educated for a first-class governess and teacher. She speaks French with the

* British and Foreign Review.

true Parisian accent, and her Italian, Lady Maldon assures me, is pure Tuscan'—

'He-e-e-m!'

'She dances with grace and elegance; plays the harp and piano with skill and taste; is a thorough *artiste* in drawing and painting; and is, moreover, very handsome—though beauty, I admit, is an attribute which in a governess might be very well dispensed with.'

'True; unless, indeed, it were catching.'

I need not prolong this connubial dialogue. It is sufficient to state that Edith Willoughby was duly installed in office on the following day; and that, much to my surprise, I found that her qualifications for the charge she had undertaken were scarcely overcoloured. She was a well-educated, elegant, and beautiful girl, of refined and fascinating manners, and possessed of one of the sweetest, gentlest dispositions that ever charmed and graced the family and social circle. She was, I often thought, for her own chance of happiness, too ductile, too readily yielding to the wishes and fancies of others. In a very short time I came to regard her as a daughter, and with my wife and children she was speedily a prodigious favourite. Mary and Kate improved rapidly under her judicious tuition, and I felt for once positively grateful to busy Lady Maldon for her officious interference in my domestic arrangements.

Edith Willoughby had been domiciled with us about two years, when Mr Harlowe, a gentleman of good descent and fine property, had occasion to call several times at my private residence on business relating to the purchase of a house in South Audley Street, the title to which exhibited by the vendors was not of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion he stayed to dine with us, and I noticed that he seemed much struck by the appearance of our beautiful and accomplished governess. His evident emotion startled and pained me in a much higher degree than I could have easily accounted for even to myself. Mr Harlowe was a widower, past his first youth certainly, but scarcely more than two or three-and-thirty years of age, wealthy, not ill-looking, and, as far as I knew, of average character in society. Surely an excellent match, if it should come to that, for an orphan girl rich only in fine talents and gentle affections. But I could not think so. I disliked the man—instinctively disliked and distrusted him; for I could assign no very positive motive for my antipathy.

'The reason why, I cannot tell.
But I don't like thee, Dr Fell.'

These lines indicate an unconquerable feeling which most persons have, I presume, experienced; and which frequently, I think, results from a kind of cumulative evidence of uncongeniality or unworthiness, made up of a number of slight indices of character, which, separately, may appear of little moment, but altogether, produce a strong, if undefinable, feeling of aversion. Mr Harlowe's manners were bland, polished, and insinuating; his conversation was sparkling and instructive; but a cold sneer seemed to play habitually about his lips, and at times there glanced forth a concentrated, polished ferocity—so to speak—from his eyes, revealing hard and stony depths, which I shuddered to think a being so pure and gentle as Edith might be doomed to sound and fathom. That he was a man of strong passions and determination of will, was testified by every curve of his square, massive head, and every line of his full countenance.

My aversion—reasonable or otherwise, as it might be—was not shared by Miss Willoughby; and it was soon apparent that, fascinated, intoxicated by her extreme beauty (the man was, I felt, incapable of love in its high, generous, and spiritual sense), Mr Harlowe had determined on offering his hand and fortune to the unportioned orphan. He did so, and was accepted. I did not conceal my dislike of her suitor from Edith; and my wife—who, with feminine exaggeration of the hints I threw out, had set him down as a kind of

polished human tiger—with tears intreated her to avoid the glittering snare. We of course had neither right nor power to push our opposition beyond friendly warning and advice; and when we found, thanks to Lady Maldon, who was vehemently in favour of the match—to, in Edith's position, the dazzling temptation of a splendid establishment, and to Mr Harlowe's eloquent and impassioned pleadings—that the rich man's offer was irrevocably accepted, we of course forebore from continuing a useless and irritating resistance. Lady Maldon had several times very plainly intimated that our aversion to the marriage arose solely from a selfish desire of retaining the services of her charming relative; so prone are the mean and selfish to impute meanness and selfishness to others.

I might, however, I reflected, be of service to Miss Willoughby, by securing for her such a marriage settlement as would place her beyond the reach of one possible consequence of caprice and change. I spoke to Mr Harlowe on the subject; and he, under the influence of headstrong, eager passion, gave me, as I expected, *carte blanche*. I availed myself of the license so readily afforded: a deed of settlement was drawn up, signed, sealed, and attested in duplicate the day before the wedding; and Edith Willoughby, as far as wealth and position in society were concerned, had undoubtedly made a surprisingly good bargain.

It happened that just as Lady Maldon, Edith Willoughby, and Mr Harlowe were leaving my chambers after the execution of the deed, Mr Ferret the attorney appeared on the stairs. His hands were full of papers, and he was, as usual, in hot haste; but he stopped abruptly as his eye fell upon the departing visitors, looked with startled earnestness at Miss Willoughby, whom he knew, and then glanced at Mr Harlowe with an expression of angry surprise. That gentleman, who did not appear to recognise the new-comer, returned his look with a supercilious, contemptuous stare, and passed on with Edith—who had courteously saluted the inattentive Mr Ferret—followed by Lady Maldon.

'What is the meaning of that ominous conjunction?' demanded Mr Ferret as the affianced pair disappeared together.

'Marriage, Mr Ferret! Do you know any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in holy wedlock?'

'The fellow's wife is dead then?'

'Yes; she died about a twelvemonth ago. Did you know her?'

'Not personally; by reputation only. A country attorney, Richards of Baintree, for whom I transact London business sent me the draught of a deed of separation—to which the unfortunate lady, rather than continue to live with her husband, had consented—for counsel's opinion. I had an interview with Mr Harlowe himself upon the business; but I see he affects to have forgotten me. I do not know much of the merits of the case, but according to Richards—no great shakes of a fellow, between ourselves—the former Mrs Harlowe was a martyr to her husband's calculated virulence and legal—at least not illegal, a great distinction, in my opinion, though not so set down in the books—despotism. He espoused her for her wealth: that secured, he was desirous of ridding himself of the incumbrance to it. A common case!—and now, if you please, to business.'

I excused myself, as did my wife, from being present at the wedding; but everything, I afterwards heard, passed off with great *clat*. The bridegroom was all fervour and obsequiousness; the bride all bashfulness and beauty. The 'happy pair,' I saw by the afternoon newspapers, were to pass the honeymoon at Mr Harlowe's seat, Fairdown Park. The evening of the marriage-day was anything, I remember, but a pleasant one to me. I reached home by no means hilariously disposed, where I was greeted, by way of revival, with the intelligence that my wife, after listening with great energy to Lady Maldon's description of the wedding festivities for two tremendous hours, had at last been

relieved by copious hysteria, and that Mary and Kate were in a fair way—if the exploit could be accomplished by perseverance—of crying themselves to sleep. These were our bridal compliments; much more flattering, I imagine, if not quite so honey-accented, as the courtly phrases with which the votaries and the victims of Hymen are alike usually greeted.

Time, business, worldly hopes and cares, the triumphs and defeats of an exciting profession, gradually weakened the impression made upon me by the gentle virtues of Edith Willoughby; and when, about fifteen months after the wedding, my wife informed me that she had been accosted by Mrs Harlowe at a shop in Bond Street, my first feeling was one of surprise, not untinged with resentment, for what I deemed her ungrateful neglect.

'She recognised you then?' I remarked.

'Recognised me! What do you mean?'

'I thought perhaps she might have forgotten your features, as she evidently has our address.'

'If you had seen,' replied my wife, 'how pale, how cold, how utterly desolate she looked, you would think less hardly of her. As soon as she observed me, a slight scream escaped her; and then she glanced eagerly and tremblingly around like a startled fawn. Her husband had passed out of the shop to give, I think, some direction to the coachman. She tottered towards me, and clasping me in her arms, burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, why—why," I asked as soon as I could speak, "why have you not written to us?" "I dared not!" she gasped. "But oh tell me, do you—does your husband remember me with kindness? Can I still reckon on his protection—his support?" I assured her you would receive her as your own child: the whispered words had barely passed my lips, when Mr Harlowe, who had swiftly approached us unperceived, said, "Madam, the carriage waits." His stern, pitiless eye glanced from his wife to me, and stiffly bowing, he said, "Excuse me for interrupting your conversation; but time presses. Good-day." A minute afterwards, the carriage drove off.'

I was greatly shocked at this confirmation of my worst fears; and I meditated with intense bitterness on the fate of a being of such meek tenderness exposed to the heartless brutalities of a sated sensualist like Harlowe. But what could be done? She had chosen, deliberately and after warning, chosen her lot, and must accept the consequences of her choice. In all the strong statutes, and sharp biting laws of England, there can be found no clause wherewith to shield a woman from the 'regulated' meanness and despotism of an unprincipled husband. Resignation is the sole remedy, and therein the patient must minister to herself.

On the morning of the Sunday following Edith's brief interview with my wife, and just as we were about to leave the house to attend divine service, a cab drove furiously up to the door, and a violent summons by both knocker and bell announced the arrival of some strangely-impatient visitor. I stepped out upon the drawing-room landing, and looked over the banister rail, curious to ascertain who had honoured me with so peremptory a call. The door was quickly opened, and in ran, or rather staggered, Mrs Harlowe, with a child in long clothes in her arms.

'Shut—shut the door!' she faintly exclaimed, as she sank on one of the hall seats. 'Pray shut the door—I am pursued!'

I hastened down, and was just in time to save her from falling on the floor. She had fainted. I had her carried up stairs, and by the aid of proper restoratives, she gradually recovered consciousness. The child, a girl about four months old, was seized upon by Mary and Kate, and carried off in triumph to the nursery. Sadly changed, indeed, as by the sickness of the soul, was poor Edith. The radiant flush of youth and hope, replacing her sweet face eloquent of joy and pride, was replaced by the cold, sad hues of wounded affections and proud despair. I could read in her countenance,

as in a book, the sad record of long months of wearing sorrow, vain regrets, and bitter self-reproach. Her person, too, had lost its rounded, airy, graceful outline, and had become thin and angular. Her voice, albeit, was musical and gentle as ever, as she murmured, on recovering her senses, 'You will protect me from my—from that man?' As I warmly pressed her hand, in emphatic assurance that I would shield her against all comers, another loud summons was heard at the door. A minute afterwards, a servant entered, and announced that Mr Harlowe waited for me below. I directed he should be shown into the library; and after iterating my assurance to Edith that she was quite safe from violence beneath my roof, and that I would presently return to hear her explanation of the affair, I went down stairs.

Mr Harlowe, as I entered, was pacing rapidly up and down the apartment. He turned to face me; and I thought he looked even more perturbed and anxious than vengeful and angry. He, however, as I coldly bowed, and demanded his business with me, instantly assumed a bullying air and tone.

'Mrs Harlowe is here: she has surreptitiously left South Audley Street in a hired cab, and I have traced her to this house.'

'Well?'

'Well! I trust it is well; and I insist that she instantly return to her home.'

'Her home!'

I used the word with an expression significative only of my sense of the sort of 'home' he had provided for the gentle girl he had sworn to love and cherish; but the random shaft found a joint in his armour at which it was not aimed. He visibly trembled, and turned pale.

'She has had time to tell you all then! But be assured, sir, that nothing she has heard or been told, however true it may be—may be, remember, I say—can be legally substantiated except by myself.'

What could the man mean? I was fairly puzzled: but, professionally accustomed to conceal emotions of surprise and bewilderment, I coldly replied—'I have left the lady who has sought the protection of her true "home," merely to ascertain the reason of this visit.'

'The reason of my visit!' he exclaimed with renewed fury: 'to reconvey her to South Audley Street. What else? If you refuse to give her up, I shall apply to the police.'

I smiled, and approached the bell.

'You will not surrender her then?'

'To judicial process only: of that be assured. I have little doubt that, when I am placed in full possession of all the facts of the case, I shall be quite able to justify my conduct.' He did not reply, and I continued: 'If you choose to wait here till I have heard Edith's statement, I will at once frankly acquaint you with my final determination.'

'Be it so: and please to recollect, sir, that you have to deal with a man not easily baffled or entrapped by legal subtlety or cunning.'

I reascended to the drawing-room; and finding Edith—thanks to the ministrations, medicinal and oral, of my bustling and indignant lady—much calmer, and thoroughly satisfied that nobody could or should wrest her from us, begged her to relate unreservedly the cause or causes which had led to her present position. She falteringly complied; and I listened with throbbing pulse and burning cheeks to the sad story of her wedded wretchedness, dating from within two or three months of the marriage; and finally consummated by a disclosure that, if provable, might consign Harlowe to the hulks. The tears, the agony, the despair of the unhappy lady, excited in me a savageness of feeling, an eager thirst for vengeance, which I had believed foreign to my nature. Edith divined my thoughts, and taking my hand, said, 'Never, sir, never will I appear against him: the father of my little Helen shall never be publicly accused by me.'

'You err, Edith,' I rejoined; 'it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed.'

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr Harlowe.

'You will oblige me, sir,' I exclaimed as I entered the room, 'by leaving this house immediately: I would hold no further converse with so vile a person.'

'How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this manner?'

'Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who, after a few months' residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, had extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who, finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which term is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living.'

'Upon my honour, sir, I believed, when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower.'

'Your honour! But except to prove that I do thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you. After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed, it be a disclosure, not an invention—Ah, you start at that!'

'At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises.'

'Time and the law will show. After, I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks!—'

'Sir, have a care.'

'Pook! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a madhouse, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew, when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now, sir, do I, or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?'

'Sir,' returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, 'spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false. The affair may perhaps be arranged: let her return with me.'

'You know she would die first: but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house.'

'If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance!—'

The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them. She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resuscitation of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself

of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for. 'I will take an opportunity,' said Mr Ferret, 'of quietly questioning Richards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible purchase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs Harlowe I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely, I fancy, picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for: a slippery gentleman certainly; but, with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be.'

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us above three weeks, when one of Mr Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr Ferret to proceed to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr Harlowe was dead!

'Dead!' I exclaimed, much shocked. 'Are you serious?'

'As a judge. He expired, about an hour after I reached the house, of *tetanus*, commonly called locked-jaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and the back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonized expression in his eyes!'

'Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?'

'Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife: a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am. They mean, however, to show fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delightful knave Richards enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs Harlowe's—the true Mrs Harlowe's—arrival.'

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render necessary. Mr Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving at the house, I, Ferret, and Mrs Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where we found the pretended wife seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr Richards, and on the other by Mr Quillet the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out to the *posthume*, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

'Good-morning, madam,' cried he the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare: 'good-morning; I am delighted to see you in such excellent company. You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honour of transacting business for you?'

'You had transactions of my business!' said the lady. 'When, I pray you?'

'God bless me!' cried Ferret, addressing Richards, 'what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshire too!'

'Dorsetshire, sir?' exclaimed the lady.

'Ay, Dorsetshire to be sure. Why, Mr Richards,

our respected client appears to have forgotten her place of birth! How very extraordinary!"

Mr Richards now interfered, to say that Mr Ferret was apparently labouring under a strange misapprehension. "This lady," continued he, "is Madame Giulietta Corelli."

"Whe-e-e-w!" rejoined Ferret, thrown for an instant off his balance by the suddenness of the confession, and perhaps a little disappointed at so placable a termination of the dispute—"Giulietta Corelli! What is the meaning of this array then?"

"I am glad, madam," said I, interposing for the first time in the conversation, "for your own sake, that you have been advised not to persist in the senseless as well as iniquitous scheme devised by the late Mr Harlowe; but this being the case, I am greatly at a loss to know why either you or these legal gentlemen are here?"

The brilliant eyes of the Italian flashed with triumphant scorn, and a smile of contemptuous irony curled her beautiful lip as she replied—"These legal gentlemen will not have much difficulty in explaining my right to remain in my own house."

"Your house?"

"Precisely, sir," replied Mr Quillet. "This mansion, together with all other property, real and personal, of which the deceased Henry Harlowe died possessed, is bequeathed by will—dated about a month since—to this lady, Giulietta Corelli."

"A will!" exclaimed Mr Ferret with an explosive shout; and turning to me, whilst his sharp gray eyes danced with irrepressible mirth—"Did I not tell you so?"

"Your usual sagacity, Mr Ferret, has not in this instance failed you. Perhaps you will permit me to read the will? But before I do so," continued Mr Quillet, as he drew his gold-rimmed spectacles from their morocco sheath—"you will allow me, if you please, to state that the legatee, delicately appreciating the position of the widow, will allow her any reasonable annuity—say five hundred pounds per annum for life."

"Will she really though?" cried Mr Ferret, boiling over with ecstasy. "Madam, let me beg of you to confirm this gracious promise."

"Certainly I do."

"Capital!—glorious!" rejoined Ferret; and I thought he was about to perform a salutatory movement, that must have brought his cranium into damaging contact with the chandelier under which he was standing. "Is it not delightful? How every one—especially an attorney—loves a generous giver!"

Mr Richards appeared to be rendered somewhat uneasy by these strange demonstrations. He knew Ferret well, and evidently suspected that something was wrong somewhere. "Perhaps, Mr Quillet," said he, "you had better read the will at once."

This was done: the instrument devised in legal and minute form all the property, real and personal, to Giulietta Corelli—a natural-born subject of his majesty it appeared, though of foreign parentage, and of partially foreign education.

"Allow me to say," broke in Mr Ferret, interrupting me as I was about to speak—"allow me to say, Mr Richards, that that will does you credit: it is, I should say, a first-rate affair, for a country practitioner especially. But of course you submitted the draught to counsel?"

"Certainly I did," said Richards tartly.

"No doubt—no doubt. Clearness and precision like that could only have proceeded from a master's hand. I shall take a copy of that will, Richards, for future guidance, you may depend, the instant it is registered in Doctors' Commons."

"Come, come, Mr Ferret," said I; "this jesting is all very well; but it is quite time the farce should end."

"Farce!" exclaimed Mr Richards.

"Farce!" growled doubtful Mr Quillet.

"Farce!" murmured the beautiful Giulietta.

"Farce!" cried Mr Ferret. "My dear sir, it is about one of the most charming and genteel comedies ever enacted on any stage, and the principal part, too, by one of the most charming of prima donnas. Allow me, sir—don't interrupt me! it is too delicious to be shared; it is indeed. Mr Richards, and you, Mr Quillet, will you permit me to observe that this admirable will has one slight defect?"

"A defect!—where—how?"

"It is really heartbreaking that so much skill and ingenuity should be thrown away; but the fact is, gentlemen, that the excellent person who signed it had no property to bequeath!"

"How?"

"Not a shilling's worth. Allow me, sir, if you please. This piece of parchment, gentlemen, is, I have the pleasure to inform you, a marriage settlement."

"A marriage settlement!" exclaimed both the men of law in a breath.

"A marriage settlement, by which, in the event of Mr Harlowe's decease, his entire property passes to his wife, in trust for the children, if any; and if not, absolutely to herself." Ferret threw the deed on the table, and then giving way to convulsive mirth, threw himself upon the sofa, and fairly shouted with glee.

Mr Quillet seized the document, and, with Richards, eagerly perused it. The proctor then rose, and bowing gravely to his astonished client, said, "The will, madam, is waste paper. You have been deceived." He then left the apartment.

The consternation of the lady and her attorney may be conceived. Madame Corelli, giving way to her fiery passions, vented her disappointment in passionate reproaches of the deceased; the only effect of which was to lay bare still more clearly than before her own cupidity and folly, and to increase Edith's painful agitation. I led her down stairs to my wife, who, I omitted to mention, had accompanied us from town, and remained in the library with the children during our conference. In a very short time afterwards Mr Ferret had cleared the house of its intrusive guests, and we had leisure to offer our condolences and congratulations to our grateful and interesting client. It was long before Edith recovered her former gaiety and health; and I doubt if she would ever have thoroughly regained her old cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, had it not been for her labour of love in superintending and directing the education of her daughter Helen, a charming girl, who fortunately inherited nothing from her father but his wealth. The last time I remember to have danced was at Helen's wedding. She married a distinguished Irish gentleman, with whom, and her mother, I perceive by the newspapers, she appeared at Queen Victoria's court in Dublin, one, I am sure, of the brightest stars which glittered in that galaxy of beauty and fashion.

MODEL LODGINGS.

In the lowest neighbourhoods of almost every town may be seen a notification of where 'Lodgings for Travellers' are to be had. In London, there are altogether three or four thousand of them. Such houses are not only used by the humble class of travellers called 'tramps,' but by individuals whom poverty has rendered houseless, or whom vice has cast out from the pale of society. There are various grades of these houses, and a night's lodging is to be had at a price per night of from one penny to sixpence. The 'sleeping accommodation,' as the owners are pleased to call it, consists of the bare boards, of straw, or of a bedstead and bedding, according to the price paid. There is a kitchen, and a fire for cooking. Some of the lodging housekeepers are also chandlers, and supply their guests with articles of food: nearly all are 'dealers in marine stores,' which is in most instances a paraphrase for 'receivers of stolen goods,' a great proportion of their customers being professed thieves.

We have seen a room in Orchard Street, Westminster,

in which two persons could scarcely sleep habitually without losing their health—so small was it, and so badly ventilated—where it was no uncommon thing for twenty individuals, of different ages and sexes, to pass the night. On the floor was a large rug, and no bed-clothing; and to make the most of the space, the parties lay in a circle, with their feet in the centre. Another dormitory in Anne Street, Westminster, had sixteen beds in two small rooms; each bed held on most occasions three individuals; so that, in a space not larger than about eight paces by six, an average of forty persons were huddled together every night throughout the year. One Sunday afternoon we descended into the kitchen of another lodging-house: it had no window, but the door opened upon a yard: the stench was scarcely endurable, for it was dinner-time; when about thirty beings were assembled, consisting of thieves, beggars, artisans out of work, itinerant musicians, runaway country lads, girls, women, babies, dogs, a cat, and in the yard several pigs in a sty. All sorts of viands—none of them the most agreeable to the olfactory nerves—were being cooked and eaten; and to render the air the less endurable, and more deleterious, a woman in one corner was making matches with sulphur. The confusion of tongues was also indescribable: quarrelling, laughing, moaning, and the crying of children were joined in a most complicated hubbub, the stentorian voice of the landlord occasionally rising above the rest to demand 'less noise,' or to threaten some troublesome person with expulsion. This man was, we understood from our companion (a missionary), a thorough specimen of his class. He followed a multiplicity of trades, and was, it was thought, growing rich. Besides being a lodging-house-keeper, and general purveyor of meat and drink, he bought, sold, and lent clothing of all descriptions. From his wardrobe any sort of beggar could be manufactured. He could 'turn out' a simulated sailor—with jacket, straw-hat, and even the two curling locks of hair which tars like to cultivate—so well, that to all outward appearance the fellow had only just stepped ashore. He had also aprons for bankrupt tradesmen, and the proper costume for a distressed weaver. He sold matches, ballads, stationery, and other stock-in-trade for itinerant vendors; he also lent out stalls and baskets to perambulating fruit-sellers. He bought spurious coin, and gave such of his lodgers as he could trust large commissions for passing it. This branch of dishonesty is generally performed by costermongers, who give the bad money in the form of change to their unsuspecting customers.

The pictures of crime, vice, misery, and disgust which these lodging-houses present, are scarcely credible even to a cursory observer of them: it is only upon getting a deep insight into life in these places that conviction gains strength. As to the almost ingenious devices of immorality which are practised, no perfect notion can be gained. Of the social degradation and comfortless barbarism these places exhibit, it may be safely stated that the wigwam of the Red Indian, the tent of the Bedouin, or the cone of the Bechuana, is more convenient and decent than many of these lodgings.

The most distressing circumstance connected with these dens of iniquity is, that they act as traps to draw the innocent into the circle of demoralisation and crime. Poverty drives the well-intentioned into these places; for, till lately, they had no choice. An artisan or a country boy, who had no more than threepence to lay out in house accommodation for one day, was driven to these lodgings; for at that price there existed no others. The facilities offered for begging and thieving in these receptacles rendered those employments the more tempting; especially when presented as easy relief from acute want, and escape from despair. By these lodging-houses alone, the number of the criminal and dangerous classes is increased every year by thousands.

But suppose the wretched wayfarer has no money whatever? Where does he rest? The answer is in the fact, that there is scarcely a large town in the kingdom

in which many have no other bed than the stones, and no other covering than their own rags. In London and other large towns every night, winter and summer, there are thousands who sleep under the dry arches of bridges, in empty casks, carts, and trucks, in old boilers, on ash-heaps, in empty or half-built houses, or anywhere they can creep in unnoticed. And here, too, the good herd with the bad, and vice and corruption meet the unfortunate wherever they turn.

These disastrous evils have been long deplored. The efforts to correct them—although never so successfully and comprehensively carried out as now—are not of recent origin. Endowments for the support of reception-houses for wayfarers have been bequeathed by charitable testators in many parts of England, and some of them are centuries old. Not a few have been so grossly abused and misapplied, that the very intentions of the founders have been perverted or forgotten. Some, however, still exist: one of the best specimens is a neat, clean house in the principal street of Rochester, on the high road between London and the continent, in which bed, and breakfast, and a groat, are afforded to poor travellers for one or two nights each, provided they be not 'beggars or proctors.'

The first successful attempt to cover vagrant wretchedness with a roof on an enlarged system was made in the winter of 1819. A few private individuals proposed a plan for setting up a 'Nightly Shelter for the Houseless Poor' in London. A meeting was called at Guildhall; and such was the energy of those who conducted the work, that, within six hours after it had dispersed, an asylum was opened in London Wall, the premises having been gratuitously appropriated by their owner. No tickets nor recommendation were required. All who were so wretched that they were forced to sleep upon straw—for such only was the provision at first for the men—were received. For the females a little bedding was provided. In the morning, an allowance of soup and bread saved many a starving wretch from one day's destitution. An average of 205 nightly was thus admitted, consisting of several of the most debased classes of society. Women who had lost all trace or knowledge of religious education—men careworn, broken-spirited, hopeless—rushed into this temporary asylum.

In process of time improvements were effected, and several branch asylums were erected. Those who desire to see the system carried out in one of the most wretched neighbourhoods of London, should visit Glasshouse-Yard, East Smithfield, within the immediate vicinity of Rosemary Lane. You will enter a square space by a narrow lane, and observe therein two buildings, or rather large sheds, separated only by a yard. One of these is the 'Refuge for the Houseless Poor'; another, the 'Model Lodging-House,' an institution to which we shall come presently. The House of Refuge contains two large lofty apartments, roofed in very roughly with beams and rafters, like an old-fashioned granary. One of these is a common room, another a dormitory. In the common room the wanderers are received in the evening, and supplied with fire and conveniences for cooking and eating such provisions as they may bring. When they retire to rest, they enter a dormitory, in which each bed is separated by a partition which rises to a certain height. In the infancy of the institution the beds consisted of straw; they are now formed of India-rubber, and provided with coverlets of leather. Every morning, as the slumberer arises from his bed, a man comes in, washes it down, and leaves it to dry. A similar process guards the leather coverlet from infection or from dirt. For this refuge twopence a night is now paid; and such are the benefits afforded, and so gratefully are they appreciated, that the same persons return to it again and again. Workmen of respectable character even resort to it, and make it their permanent abode.*

* See an article in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June on 'The Unseen Charities of London.'

These refuges for destitution multiplied rapidly; not only in the poorer parts of the metropolis, but in every large town in Great Britain. Some are wholly gratuitous. The House of Refuge in Edinburgh, for example, gives bed and porridge gratis to all comers for one night; and if the case be deserving, for a week.

It is not only the casual lodger in distressed circumstances who finds it impossible to obtain decent accommodation; the humble artisan or ill-paid clerk is nearly as ill off. The 'furnished' or 'unfurnished' lodgings which they can afford to provide for themselves and their families (if they be married) are for the most part dear, dirty, and inconvenient. Within the last three years a determined effort has been made by certain benevolent persons in high places to increase the household comforts of their poorer brethren. Several societies, supported by liberal subscriptions, for improving the status of the humbler classes, have been framed. Of these, two have done good service by building Model Lodging-Houses, to meet the demands of each class needing them, and to grapple with the worst of the evils the lodgings we have described engender. Other societies also exist for the purpose of publishing tracts, and other printed persuasions to moral and social regeneration. These, however, though useful to some extent, can do little good compared with the substantial benefits conferred by the first-named associations. 'No description or reasoning, however accurate,' it is said in one of the Reports of the 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring-Classes,' 'is likely to make such an impression on the public as an actual experiment. Hence the committee resolved on building a certain number of houses as MODELS of the different kind of dwellings which they would recommend for the labouring-classes in populous towns.'

'The Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring-Classes' has already provided buildings for lodgers, from the mechanic in temporary or permanent employment down to the 'tramp.' For the former class, the houses are intended to supersede the dear and dirty-furnished lodgings which abound in the less affluent parts of the town, and are let for not less than a week at a time; for the second and more migratory order of lodgers, the Model Houses are let off at so much per night, and have withdrawn many of the poorest among travellers from the low lodging-houses which abound in Westminster, St Giles's, Drury Lane, and Whitechapel. Nor do the efforts of this association stop here: they endeavour to extend the cottage and field-garden allotment system, also the introduction and extension of friendly-benefit and loan societies. At present, however, their efforts have been chiefly directed to building.

The structures, either finished or in progress, which belong to this society are—1st, A series of buildings near Bagnigge Wells, London, consisting of nine small houses for one family each; seven for two families each; and one large house for thirty aged females. As soon as this range of dwellings was built, it was fully occupied by persons who have continued to pay a low but remunerating rent regularly, and express thankfulness for the accommodation they get. 2d, A nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, with a supplementary one—arising out of the overflow of demand for accommodation in the former—in the next street, King Street. 3d, A large weekly lodging-house in George Street, St Giles's, accommodating 104 male inmates. 4th, A similar house in Hatton Garden, capable of containing 57 single women, which has recently been opened. The most important undertaking of this society has, however, not yet been commenced—a house to accommodate a large number (48) of families, in such a manner as that each tenement shall be so distinct from the other, as not only to confer privacy, but escape by such isolation from the odious window-tax.

The directors remark in their Report, that 'amongst the most important considerations has been that of preserving the domestic privacy and independence of

each distinct family, and so disconnecting their apartments, as effectually to prevent the communication of contagious diseases. This, it will be seen, on a reference to the plan, is accomplished by dispensing altogether with separate staircases and other internal communications between the different storeys, and by adopting one common open staircase, leading into galleries or corridors, open on one side to a spacious quadrangle, and on the other side having the outer-doors of the several tenements, the rooms of which are protected from draught by a small entrance lobby. The galleries are supported next the quadrangle by a series of arcades, each embracing two storeys in height, and the slate floors of the intermediate galleries rest on iron beams, which also carry the enclosure railing.' This will in fact be an attempt to introduce into London the system of 'flats,' so successfully followed in Scotland from time immemorial. The building will be situated in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, near New Oxford Street, and will cost, according to estimate, £7370.

The capital subscribed by this society is purely donative; for although, as a commercial speculation, the buildings would pay 5 per cent. and upwards, yet the profits are laid by for further investment in such new buildings as may be required.

Another society—'The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes'—is partly a benevolent, and partly a commercial institution. The subscribers receive the profits of their capital in half-yearly dividends; and to show how trustworthy their humble tenants have proved, and how valuable is the investment, we find by the last Report that out of £1390 due from the St Pancras Metropolitan Buildings* last year for rent, upwards of £1382 were paid, leaving only a balance of £7 odd shillings to appear on the defaulters' list. Another set of buildings is about to be erected by this society in Spicer Street, Spitalfields, the largest in size and pretension of any yet attempted. One portion will consist of accommodation for 234 single men, each having a sleeping apartment 8 feet by 4 feet 6 inches; the use of a spacious kitchen, cook's shop, coffee-room, lecture-room, reading-room, baths, washhouses, lavatories, &c. This will come very nearly to the conveniences, without the luxuries, of the West-End club-houses. Another portion of the plan includes dwellings for families. Great advantages are expected from the contiguity of these two buildings. The lecture-room, used in an evening by the tenants of the dormitory, will serve as a schoolroom, during the day, for the children residing in the dwellings; and the families, by distinct approaches, and at stated hours, having the use of the baths, washhouses, and the cook's shop, in the dormitory, the heat from the flues of which furnishes an inexpensive mode of ventilation. The absence of this accommodation at the dwellings in the Old Pancras Road has often been remarked upon and felt.

Such are the achievements and projects of these two extensive societies; but there are others doing, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, incalculable benefit. The humble establishment in Great Peter Street, Westminster—which was described in this Journal in 1847†—is still successfully conducted by its able and intelligent superintendent, under the active and benevolent supervision of Lord Kinnaird and its other founders and supporters. This house presents an advantage hardly heeded by those not intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of the poor: it has not the 'workhouse' look which the more systematically-planned and larger model establishments present. However unreasonable such a prejudice may be, it exists, and has to be grappled with; for it has been the means of deterring a few poor persons, who have a shuddering, but by no means unwholesome, dread of 'the Union.' The whole of the arrangements of the Great Peter Street House are of a

* For a description of this building, see this Journal, No. 228.

† Vol. viii. p. 113, New Series.

more domestic character: more community among the lodgers seems attainable than in the newer houses. It is, as was explained in the former article, a casual lodging-house, open to all entrants who are not filthy or drunk, at 3d. per night, or 1s. 6d. per week, the Sunday's lodging being gratis. Yet, although doubtless professional thieves, and certainly persons in the last stage of destitution, occasionally sojourn there, nothing has been stolen belonging to the house except a couple of blankets about eighteen months ago. The establishment consists of three old houses communicating with each other, admirably ventilated, and can accommodate 117 inmates. When we visited it the other day, there were only 100 lodgers—the usual average for summer, when the labouring and itinerant classes go into the country to harvesting, or follow the fashionable world to the sea-side.

Somewhat on the same principle, although intended for more respectable lodgers, is the St Anne's House in Compton Street, Soho. It was founded, like the above, by a small number of private gentlemen, with the rector of the parish at their head, with the view of testing the practicability of providing such a resort on an inexpensive and self-supporting plan; but with this rule, that all surplus shall be devoted to charitable uses connected with the establishment—a rule similar to that of the 'Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes.' They took a dwelling-house formerly connected with shops, and with very little expense converted it into accommodation for 130 inmates. Those for whom it is intended are persons to whom great privations are not unfamiliar, and whose generally superior intelligence and original education render such privations peculiarly trying and injurious. The charge, including coals, gas, provision for cooking, hot and cold baths, &c. is 3s. 6d. per week. It is under the direction of a steward, who is responsible for the management of the house. It has only been open a few months, and has already upwards of 60 inmates.

When we have drawn attention to the Model Lodging-House in Glass-House Yard, before-mentioned, we believe we have named all such asylums that exist in London. This establishment—near to one of the largest and most beneficial baths and washhouses in the metropolis—is a large building of three floors, divided into different wards. The whole tenement forms an oblong square, having a large, airy, unoccupied space behind. It was formerly a glass manufactory, which gave the name to the yard it is in, and was converted to its present purpose at a moderate expense, contributed by a few benevolent and generous neighbours and their friends.

We have thought it useful to mark and to record the success of the earnest efforts of the metropolitan community for improving the comforts and morals of their poorer brethren, in order to contribute, by all the publicity we can give, to the spread of such institutions throughout the country. A subsequent article on this subject will embrace an account of a night passed in one of the Metropolitan Lodging-Houses.

SIR GEORGE HEAD'S WORK ON ROME.*

Among the numerous associations connected with Rome, the classical will of course always predominate, or at least so long as our modern systems of education shall continue to be based on the study of antiquity. Yet, philosophically speaking, it is far more profitable to comprehend the people who now inhabit the Seven Hills, than to grope through a labyrinth of architectural obscurities after the vestiges of a nation long past away, however great and illustrious formerly. The new work of Sir George Head leaves nothing to be desired respecting the more ancient and historical points of interest, as well as matters of social concern, in Rome. The work, which is written with good taste, is based on an

immense amount of material, laboriously and carefully collected and arranged with considerable skill. The city and its environs are mapped out upon a judicious plan; and while the reader is conducted through its various divisions, he is amused by the way with legends, anecdotes, brief records of habits and customs, pictures of manners, and illustrations of national character, which indicate no mean talent for observation. There is, indeed, nothing of that novelty, freshness, and sparkling vivacity of language which enable descriptions to produce the effect of pictures. Sir George Head is noway akin to the poet or the painter. He is, nevertheless, a man of acute perception, who knows what will tell; and has the power, by enumeration and repeated touches, to produce a result approaching that of picturesque writing.

It will doubtless be possible, from the description of a hundred and fifty churches, palaces, villas, museums, and picture-galleries, to select materials for many pleasant articles; but we prefer just now confining ourselves to passages illustrating the character of that population whose heroic defence of their hearths and altars has so strongly impressed all Europe in their favour. Brave the Romans may be; but if there be any truth in the following trait of character, much is desirable in point of honesty. The author is describing the great wood-yard of Rome. It lies near the Tiber, and you pass close to it as you approach the Porta del Popolo by the ancient Flaminian way. 'A spacious and commodious spot of ground has been enclosed, whence firewood is delivered to foreigners and other customers, in cart-loads or half cart-loads, at a price regulated by a tariff, the interests of the public being protected by a government functionary, whose duty is to have justice done between the person employed to superintend the delivery and the purchaser, and especially to see that none but straightened fair billets are laden, and that all the crooked and distorted branches are rejected. Notwithstanding these precautions, the negotiation altogether, including the purchasing and conveying homeward of a load of wood, if undertaken by an inexperienced person, inasmuch as the government protection ceases the moment the wood is out of the yard, is liable to many casualties—so various, in fact, that one single pair of eyes is totally insufficient, seeing that no manner of reliance can be laid on the truth and good faith of the lower classes; for the carter who carts the wood, and the sawyer who saws it, have invariably a host of friends ready at hand to back their operations, who think it no manner of harm to rob the *forestiero*, and will most certainly succeed in doing so, if not well watched, to the extent of half the cargo.'

Even the inhabitants themselves are not less liable to depredation on like occasions; and one may observe invariably, on the arrival of a load of wood at a private dwelling, that from the time the wood is shot out of the cart in front of the door upon the pavement, as is the custom, and the sawyer erects his tressel at the spot, till the last billet is safely deposited within, either the master or the mistress, or some trusty person of the family, is never for a moment absent from the sawyer's elbow.

From the woodyard our curious traveller proceeds to the place where pigs are slaughtered, but we decline accompanying him. It will probably be more agreeable to our readers to take a glance or two at the Carnival, with the amusements, buffooneries, and excesses of which the Romans pave the way to the observation of Lent. This modern saturnalia is said to have taken its rise in the fifteenth century under Paul II. The Romans of course aimed at pre-eminence over all other persons in the Catholic world in the pomps and irregularities of the Carnival; but owing to a variety of circumstances, the Venetians would appear, during many generations, to have borne away the palm from the papal metropolis. In those flourishing days of the republic, thirty thousand strangers used annually to pass the Alps for the purpose of witnessing the wild frolics of the Bride of the Adriatic. Those times have now long passed away: the lagoons are silent and solitary, and

* Rome; a Tour of Many Days. By Sir George Head. In three volumes. London: Longman.

those superb floating cabinets of luxury—the gondolas—float through deserted canals beneath deserted palaces. In Rome, however, the Carnival is still a season of gaiety and rejoicing, as the reader may convince himself from Sir George Head's elaborate description. In Venice, these festivities were too often stained by assassinations and crimes of all sorts; but though the poniard has not yet gone out of use at Rome, the Carnival seems generally to pass over without any sanguinary display of revenge.

For the ordinary amusements, the masquerades, plays, operas, races, and mutual pelting with sweetmeats, we can afford no space. But the peculiar sport in which the Romans indulge on the last night of the festival deserves perhaps to be described at length. It is, as Sir George Head shrewdly observes, a game at romps, played by a hundred thousand persons in the open air, and is called 'moccoco,' from a small taper six inches long, and about the thickness of the little finger, with which every person is provided. All the previous days these tapers are vigorously hawked about the streets, until all those who mean to figure in the sport have made their purchases. 'About two hours after night-fall, when the Corso is dimly lighted by a few solitary lanterns, suspended by cords, in the middle of the street, at long intervals, the darkness is suddenly enlivened by thousands upon thousands of tiny lights that start rapidly into existence, and rival the stars in the firmament; and as the fun begins immediately, the effect of the spectacle—which altogether exceeds any account that can be written of it—is considerably increased by the perpetual alternations, caused by puffing out and relighting the moccoco: producing to the sight an infinitely rapid twinkling, extending a mile in length, as if a continuous swarm of fire-flies filled the air, or the atmosphere was charged with meteoric scintillations. The Corso is now again as light as day; the streets thronged with masks on foot, the double line of carriages, and the people in the balconies, while the noise of chattering, squeaking, and screaming is as loud as ever. A continuous howl, moreover, peculiar to the occasion, is heard continually without a moment's respite—a sound indescribable—an unearthly moaning, which can be compared to nothing better than the howling of the wind mid a ship's shrouds in a hurricane. It is produced by the words *sanga moccoco*, uttered by many thousands of voices simultaneously, as a term of reproach between neighbours, as one puffs out another's moccoco. Meanwhile, as the carriages move on at a snail's pace, with frequent obstructions—the inmates provided each with a lighted moccoco, and more unlighted, ready for use—pedestrians, masked and unmasked, assail the vehicles in gangs and singly, and use occasionally a degree of violence in the act which is hardly warrantable; for, not content to cling to the steps of the carriages like cockchafers, they extend their arms over the door within the vehicle, and in endeavouring to extinguish the moccoco, scuffle with the inmates. They not unfrequently, with a handkerchief tied at the end of a stick for the purpose above-mentioned, inflict heavy stripes on the head and shoulders of many a fair lady, and crush her pretty Roman bonnet into the bargain. Nay, sometimes a party will actually storm a carriage, and, for the sake of plunder, clamber over the door like a troop of banditti, wresting the lighted moccoco from the hands of the owners, or rifling the pockets and the seats under the cushions to find them. All this time the people in the lower balconies are no less formidable antagonists than the pedestrians, for they arm themselves with napkins at the end of long reeds or poles, of sufficient length to reach below, and so flap out the moccoco.

A regular scene of riot and romps is also going on among the occupants of each separate balcony—one lady perhaps holding the moccoco extended at arm's-length, while the gentleman is doing his utmost to puff it out over her shoulder; and the various groups, like mountebanks on a platform at a country fair—as masks are

seldom worn on these occasions—with the light shining full in their faces, struggling together, and chasing one another, as if they were enacting a dramatic show for the benefit of the public. And such is the extraordinary assortment of persons and personages who, by chance and the casualties of the Carnival, may be found grouped together, that I have seen literally a royal lady of the House of Brunswick, an Italian monsignor, and an English clergyman, all engaged together, like children at blind-man's-buff, in the most piping-hot state of contention imaginable in the same balcony.

'One grand conflict I remember to have seen between the inhabitants of a first and second storey. Those in the second, who at anyrate had the advantage of position, harassed their antagonists not only by a bundle of wet napkins, tied at the end of a long cord, with which they soused out the others' moccoco, but also by a formidable engine, contrived of a hoop garnished all round by triple lights, which served at once as an offensive instrument and as a beacon of defiance; for as the hoop was suspended by a pole across the balcony, the holder was enabled, by a skilful turn of the wrist, to discharge the molten wax which was passed from the machicolations. The Ajax of the lower balcony—of which the whole party, notwithstanding the overpowering force of the enemy, kept their ground valiantly—a very corpulent man, remarkable for a bald head that shone prodigiously, and a rosy countenance, seized the bundle of wet napkins, and held on courageously, while his comrades essayed unsuccessfully, with several blunt case-knives, one after another, to cut the rope. At last the object was accomplished, and the fat man gained a victory—though, as in human affairs it generally turns out, not without paying dearly for the whistle; for, reduced by his exertions to the most red-hot state of perspiration imaginable, the blue coat he wore, covered with melted wax in front, and over the broad shoulders, was literally striped like a zebra.'

From splendour and gaiety, the transition, all the world over, is exceedingly easy to the depths of squalor and wretchedness. A palace with a beggar at the gate may be regarded as the emblem of most capital cities, but especially of Rome and Naples. You would almost imagine in Italy that mendicants were persons of the most refined taste, because you invariably find them encamped in all the hideous picturesqueness of rags wherever nature has put on an aspect of more than ordinary beauty, or collected her most magnificent creations. To strangers this is painful; but the eye becomes by degrees so completely reconciled to groups of beggars scattered over the face of the landscape, that a lady of our acquaintance used to declare that a walk on the Pincian would be nothing without them. At all events, you can only hope to escape their presence by getting up in the early summer mornings at dawn, and then you could never succeed a second time, because, as soon as the noise of your expedition got wind, all the ragged fraternity would be there before the light, to invite you to pave your way to the stars by charity. The merriest beggars perhaps in all the world are to be found at Naples. With a yard or two of macaroni, which they buy by measure, like tape, they can subsist no one knows how long; and while this treasure lasts, they are too lazy even to beg. At such seasons of sublime independence they lie, like mastiffs, in the sun, with eyes half-closed, in a state of dreamy ecstasy, the very paradise of laziness. If inclined to give, you must go to them, and cast your charity into a tattered hat, which lies there like a small crater, ready to receive anything; but as to the beggar's disturbing himself for the purpose of putting out his hand, it is a thing not to be thought of! He resembles a boa-constrictor after a meal; and so smooth, round, sleek, and glossy does he look, that you almost fancy you could roll him from Popilippo to Varento without inducing him to uncoil himself, or get up courage enough to be angry.

The Roman beggars, though belonging of course to the same caste, have their character considerably modi-

fied by circumstances. Rome forms the point of confluence of all the various streams of population in Europe, who go thither from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to taste the excitement of superstition, pleasure, and classical traditions. These multiplied masses of humanity rolling over the Romans, render them in some sort round and polished beggars; and all our countrymen, who delight in taking in the evening the air on the Pincian, assist considerably in supporting the vagrants of Rome, whose chief, a fellow that lives in a hovel, always takes his station on the most commanding point of the hill. 'The Roman beggars, even under the dominion of an arbitrary government, are the most independent people that can be imagined; for such is the comprehensive scheme of public charity practised by the monastic establishments—such as the convent of Arcoeli and others—that they are perfectly secured from absolute starvation, while their wants are diminished and their spirits exhilarated by the lovely climate. Neither is the profession of soliciting alms looked upon, as in some other countries, as a state of moral degradation; but, on the contrary, suffered to proceed as it does at present, is of considerable advantage to the whole community; the amount of the harvest which these people reap from the yearly influx to Rome of foreigners, being in fact just so much saved to the public. And as a proof of the reliance on the aid of visitors in this particular, it may be stated, that by those who arrive in Rome early in the month of October, hardly a single beggar is encountered in the streets from one end of the city to the other; though afterwards, at the end of the month, when the carriages begin to roll along the Corso, attracted, as it were, by the sound of the carriage-wheels, they emerge from their holes simultaneously, like worms in a pattering shower of rain upon a grass-plot. On such occasions, at the commencement of a fresh campaign, a visitor who has resided in Rome before is invariably recognised and accosted as an old acquaintance, in terms that betray not the slightest consciousness of inferiority, by the lame beggar whom I remember to have observed one day, on his perceiving for the first time a newly-arrived Englishman walk up the steps from the Piazza, lift up his arms and exclaim with a joyous countenance, just as if he had met a near relative, "Caro Signor!" "E ritomato?" "E stato in Inghilterra." "Va bene sua eccellenza." "Bene, benissimo," replied the other, "e voi! ha fatto anche voi sua villeggiatura?" The last allusion to his private affairs was responded to by a hearty fit of laughter, that, as I proceeded onward towards the promenade, appeared to illuminate the sightless orbs of two blind members of the profession, who, as they stood rattling their money-boxes on the gravel-walk a hundred yards distant, had heard the conversation.

'The effect too often of extreme poverty is to eradicate from the mind the appreciation of the beautiful. Our ideas shrink and dwindle under the influence of want and obscurity; at least this appears to be the case in cold climates, where there is naturally but too little disposition in men to derive delight from the phenomena of the elements. But where the sun encircles lovingly the whole face of nature, rendering the landscape almost transparent, and imparting a glory to everything within the range of vision, even the least excitable persons feel the poetry emanating from the whole material world. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the very beggars who dream away their lives on the Pincian Hill enjoy nightly the glorious prospect of the sun sinking behind the Hesperian main. Then and there is the time and place to view a Roman sunset; for as the sun sinks behind Monte Mario, and his course proceeds from north to south and from south to north in the ecliptic, St Peter's stands in such a position in the foreground, that during a country residence the dome is seen under all phases imaginable: sometimes, when the blazing orb descends close on one side; sometimes, when he descends on the other; and sometimes, when sinking directly behind it, the whole circum-

ference is surrounded, as it were, by a belt of red-hot iron. At this moment a spectator on the other side of the enclosure sees the rays reflected from the boughs of the young trees, as the red beams mingle with the foliage, till the whole plantation resembles a golden network, and the passing carriages and human figures appear enveloped in an ethereal mist, such as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the gardens of the Hesperides.'

There is a compound of strange qualities in the character of the people of Italy, which is one of those countries where law secures not life. Innocent persons are cut off daily by assassins; but when the crime has been committed, society feels its sympathies awakened, and steps in between the malefactor and death. We there, consequently, behold on all sides the shedders of human blood; not shut up in dungeons, or consigned to the guillotine or the halter, but walking about, manacled and in chains, administering to the meanest necessities of the social system. At the corner of any street you may, once a day at least, be elbowed by a murderer, the nature of whose crime you are compelled to know by the livery he wears. Gangs of malefactors labour at the public works, sweep the streets, cleanse the sewers, and perform other offices, from which the humblest of paid labourers would probably shrink. But a convict has no choice: he is a living, breathing, and thinking machine, whose energies are at the absolute disposal of society: the passions out of which this spring may be in fierce rebellion against it all the while. 'The management of the Pincian Gardens,' says Sir George Head, 'is under the direction of the papal government; and the labour performed—as is the case all over Rome under similar circumstances—for the most part by criminals convicted for homicide or robbery; so that, as it not unfrequently happens, or, at anyrate, occurred in the winter of 1841, during the repair of the city-wall near the Muro Torto, forty or fifty of these unfortunate men were seen marching, two and two, dressed in their prison dresses, striped black and brown, with chains rattling on their legs, driven like sheep by the soldiers in charge of the party from one part of the gardens to the other, in the midst of the above lively scene of dissipation. The sight, in fact, was so common at the time I speak of, that it created no sort of sensation on the part of the visitors, neither did the criminals appear to be in the least conscious of their degraded condition. . . . On the contrary, no other class of the pope's subjects appear more thoughtless and lively than these galley-slaves, of whom three or four work together, not unfrequently under the surveillance of a single soldier, both parties evidently on the most easy terms possible with one another, laughing and conversing; and sometimes the convict relaxes from work for several minutes together. Such is the familiar manner in which they are treated by the soldiers, that while a squad were marching from place to place, I have seen a convict step out of the ranks, accost a sentry on duty—with whom, I presume, he was previously acquainted—remain behind some time talking while the rest proceeded, take snuff at parting, and then, attended by a single soldier of the guard—who, by the way, stood close by while the conversation lasted—overtake the gang in double-quick time when the conference ended. The proportion of the guard usually appointed on these occasions is about five or six infantry, and one or two mounted dragons before and behind the party, and the infantry on both sides—the latter behaving in the most *degagée* manner possible, lounging along lazily, rather than marching, with unbuttoned jackets, and muskets with fixed bayonets across their shoulders pointing in all manner of directions.'

It should be remarked that passages like the above are but thinly scattered through the three volumes, which are filled with elaborate descriptions and minute details connected with antiquities or the arts. Here and there, in the midst of such disquisitions, you meet with an anecdote or a trait of manners sufficiently

amusing. But, upon the whole, it is information that should be looked for in the 'Tour of Many Days,' and information, moreover, of a somewhat unpopular kind. Churches, pictures, statues, ruins, are invested with a certain interest; but not, we think, sufficiently powerful to keep alive curiosity through three thick volumes. We wish, consequently, that the portions of the work connected with the actual condition of the people had been much larger in proportion. The diligent reader may no doubt turn the perusal of the whole to good account, because facts may generally be applied to more purposes than one. But there is seldom any display of critical power, or even of any taste for art as art. This circumstance, however, which may seem at first to be an objection, will ultimately tend to enlarge the circulation of the work; because, while few can comprehend philosophical criticism, thousands can relish the gossip in which Sir George Head indulges about architecture, sculpture, and painting.

WILSON THE VOCALIST.

SOME weeks ago, the newspapers announced the death of Mr John Wilson, the eminent Scottish vocalist. This melancholy and unexpected event took place at Quebec on the 8th of July, having been caused by a sudden attack of cholera. It would be ungracious to permit Mr Wilson to pass from the stage of existence without for a moment recalling what he has done to promote a knowledge and love of Scottish music and song; nor is Mr Wilson's career undeserving of notice, as an instance of what may be accomplished by earnest perseverance, along with good taste and genial aspirations.

John Wilson was born in Edinburgh in the year 1800, and began life as an apprentice to a printer. At an early age he gave indications of high talent in his profession as a compositor, and he was ultimately engaged as a reader or corrector of the press, by the well-known James Ballantyne, the printer of Scott's novels, a great portion of the manuscript of which passed through the hands of Mr Wilson, who thus became acquainted with the Author of Waverley. At this period Mr Wilson began to feel the defects of his early education, for he had been sent to work when only ten years of age, and he applied himself diligently to the acquirement of the French and Latin languages, with a view to qualify him for rising in his profession. By close application in the evenings he soon became versed in the two languages we have named; and shortly afterwards, in company with other two intimate friends, he turned his attention to the study of Italian. We invite the attention of the young to these circumstances: a lad, in the intervals of daily labour, actually acquiring a respectable knowledge of Latin and other languages!

Mr Wilson was always passionately fond of singing; but in boyhood his voice was thin and husky in quality. His taste was first formed under the auspices of John Mather, who at that time was leader and teacher of a musical association called the Edinburgh Institution, which met in the High Church aisle, and to the classes of which great numbers of children were admitted gratuitously. The tuition received at the Institution, with some occasional practice in one of the church choirs, improved his voice, and enabled him to read music, more particularly psalm tunes. By and by he obtained the office of precentor (leader of the psalmody) in a dissenting chapel; and as his services were required only on Sunday, he was able to improve his circumstances without detriment to his week-day labours. In 1827, he finally left the printing business. He was now well employed as a teacher of singing, and enabled to put himself under the tuition of one who still maintains a high and honourable standing in his profession, Mr Finlay Dun; and we have often heard the grateful pupil express his warm acknowledgment of the kindness he received at the hands of his amiable and accomplished teacher.

Mr Wilson continued teaching singing, and appearing

occasionally at private concerts in Edinburgh, until June 1827, when, ever anxious for improvement, he went to London, where he remained for three months, receiving lessons from Signor Lanza, an Italian master of the vocal art. Lanza's encouraging attentions greatly promoted Mr Wilson's progress. He next began to take lessons in elocution, with a view of improving his ordinary English speech; and thus improved in delivery, he thought of going on the stage. In March 1830, Mr Wilson made his first appearance on the stage of the Edinburgh theatre as Henry Bertram, in the opera of 'Guy Mannering.' Many of his friends and acquaintances were present, and several of them recollect well the tremulous anxiety that pervaded the house when his voice was first heard behind the scenes, in the opening of the beautiful duet, 'Now hope, now fear,' and with what unmingled delight they hailed his success. On the following night he sang in the opera of 'Rosina,' and during the same week his fame was stamped as an actor as well as a singer, by his masterly impersonation of Massaniello. On that evening, among other magnates who at that time frequented the Edinburgh theatre, was James Ballantyne, Mr Wilson's former employer, in whose critical acumen with regard to the drama and Opera all parties had unbounded confidence. As the opera advanced, and the young vocalist warmed in his part, the veteran connoisseur was seen to get restless and fidgetty, until Wilson, with matchless purity and intensity of feeling chanted, in tones that thrilled through every heart, the delightful song of 'My sister dear,' when, unable to contain himself, Mr Ballantyne exclaimed aloud, 'Bravo—bravo! That *will* do! that *will* do! I've been wrong in my estimation of his powers after all.'

Mr Wilson was now an established favourite. The public press was teeming with his praise, and he remained performing for three weeks at the Edinburgh theatre, at the conclusion of which he had a bumper benefit. Immediately thereafter he went to Perth, where he performed during the summer, and was engaged for Covent Garden, where he appeared for the first time on the 30th October, as Don Carlos in 'The Duenna,' and was completely successful.

Mr Wilson soon attained a high rank in English Opera, and continued to sing as principal tenor, alternately in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, until the summer of 1837. Among other successful pieces brought out under his auspices may be mentioned the opera of 'Amilie,' by the late lamented Rooke, a composer of great originality, whose genius and worth the vocalist highly appreciated. This opera was brought forward and put on the stage of Covent Garden, then under the management of Mr Macready, at Wilson's suggestion; and the manager had substantial reasons to congratulate himself on having followed the suggestion. Mr Wilson was engaged in the English Opera-House in the winter of 1837-38, where, among other successful performances, he played Donald, the leading character in 'The Mountain Sylph'—an opera which was performed upwards of one hundred nights in succession. His knowledge of Italian rendered him peculiarly useful at this theatre, and he translated and adapted for the English stage the opera of 'Somnambula,' which was so eminently successful, that the manager, Mr Arnold, made the translator a very handsome present.

We now approach the period when he left the stage, and devoted himself to those original entertainments which depended solely on his own exertions. The idea of such a thing appears to have been accidental. In the spring of 1838, he was solicited by the Mechanics' Institution of London, of which Dr Birkbeck was president, to give three lectures on Scottish music. This task he accomplished successfully; and the peculiar novelty of such a delightful mode of illustration, the familiarity of the lecturer with his subject, and the exquisite manner in which he warbled the melodies, and illustrated the humour and the pathos of the songs of

his native country, attracted large audiences, and he was asked by six or seven similar institutions to repeat his lectures: this, however, he declined to do at that time. He had resolved to visit America, but previous to setting out for that country he wished to bid farewell to his native city. His reception in Edinburgh on that occasion was cordial and enthusiastic in the highest degree. Among other characters, he enacted the parts of Dandy Dinmont, and of James V. in 'Cramond Brig,' in the most felicitous manner; and in a house crowded to the ceiling, he with much emotion bade farewell to a time to his old friends. In September of the same year he went to America, where he remained for nearly two years, making, along with Miss Shireff, a highly successful tour throughout the United States. Before returning to Britain, he gave several of his Scottish Entertainments at New York; and during his American tour he translated and adapted Adam's opera of the 'Postilion of Lonjumeau,' which has ever since been a favourite both in America and in this country.

On his return in the winter of 1840-41, he found the large London theatres shut, and along with Philips, Balfe, and Miss Romer, he leased the English Opera-House—a speculation which proved unsuccessful.

In these circumstances, Mr Wilson bethought himself of resuming his lectures on Scottish music. In May 1841, he accordingly proceeded to deliver them at the Westminster and other institutions, at that time accompanying himself on the pianoforte. His success exceeded all expectation: the lecture-rooms were crowded; the newspapers were full of laudation. He was advised to open a public concert-room, and give his entertainments on his own account. Accordingly, he opened the Store Street Rooms in the winter of 1841-42, and since that time his career has been eminently successful. In the summer of 1842 he was invited by the Marquis of Breadalbane to sing before her Majesty, who on this, and on many subsequent occasions, expressed her unqualified admiration of his vocal and dramatic acquirements. In addition to his public performances, Mr Wilson was very frequently invited to morning parties at the houses of the leading nobility in London, where his songs and anecdotes were always received with enthusiasm, and where he was invariably welcomed as an intelligent friend, rather than as a party invited to contribute to the amusement or pleasure of the guests.

During the eight years that have elapsed since the commencement of these entertainments, what has not Wilson done for Scotland? When Scottish song had slept and slumbered—when a simple Scottish melody was only to be heard occasionally warbled by some country maiden in a remote cottage or sheiling—when other professional sons of Scotland had set aside her exquisite melody and poetry, John Wilson suddenly, by his graphic illustrations, made the peculiar beauties of Scottish song known and appreciated over Europe and America, and invented a rational and elevating species of entertainment, relished by all sects and classes. In the sister kingdom, while almost everybody had heard of and believed in the genius of Burns, how few could understand or appreciate its extent till Wilson's illustration, with the ease of a master, and the familiarity of a friend, pointed out and explained those peculiarities and beauties which constitute the chief glories of the high-priest of Scottish song! Often has an English audience listened to his prelections, laughing and shedding tears alternately at the will of the poetic singer. With a poet's eye he selected and discriminated—with a poet's heart he felt—with a poet's ardour he poured forth the wood-notes wild of his country—and with a poet's power he rendered art subservient to nature. Of pathos and humour no man ever had a more lively appreciation, and none ever possessed to a greater extent the power of impressing his audience with the emotions by which he was affected. He felt keenly, deeply, and truly: this was the secret of his success.

Mr Wilson's kindness and charity were proverbial.

His heart and hand were ever open to the needy; his house-door was often beset by his poor brethren of the stage and concert-room; and there was scarcely a charitable or beneficent institution in London with which he was not associated. He retained all his early friendships till death; and on his visits to Edinburgh, was delighted to meet with his youthful associates, however humble their position in life. His industry and energy were untiring and unflagging. He delighted in surmounting difficulties, and continued to improve in his style of singing on every repetition. He was, in every sense of the word, a man of progression. In addition to his other acquirements, Mr Wilson wrote not only prose, but verse, with great facility; and we have seen some exquisite snatches of song from his pen, which we hope may yet be laid before the world. Mr Wilson also composed and adapted a number of beautiful melodies. In his entertainment of 'Mary Queen of Scots,' the finest of the melodies were his own composition; and his 'Bonny Bessy Lee,' Hogg's 'Skylark,' and 'The Year Aughty-Nine,' are favourable specimens of his talent as a melodist, in the humorous as well as in the pathetic styles of composition.*

Mr Wilson, at his death, left a widow and family to lament his untimely loss.

THE MYSTERY OF IRISH MISERY.

Few things appear more remarkable to Scotsmen than the apparent incompetency of the legislature to grapple with and settle on a sound basis the law of land-tenure in Ireland. The present legal institutes and usages on that subject are avowedly the source of Irish misery. Yet how apparently incurable! It is vainly shown that to the plain common-sense principles of land-tenure, as regards both landlord and tenant, are to be ascribed the vast agricultural improvement, the prosperity, and contented state of Scotland. Obviously, the legislature is unable or unwilling to enforce the brilliant example in Ireland; and bankrupt landlords, with all sorts of deficiencies in titles to property, are suffered to impede the tranquillisation of that long-abused country. We are much struck with the account given of such impediments to Irish improvement in a paper by Dr W. Neilson Hancock, professor of political economy in the university of Dublin. From this paper, which appears in the 'Agricultural and Industrial Journal of Ireland' (McGlashan, Dublin), we take leave to extract the following passages. After alluding to the disgraceful fact, that landlords in Ireland are entitled to all the buildings erected and improvements effected on their property by tenants, Dr Hancock proceeds:—

'The next impediment to the application of capital to land by tenants, is the state of the law, which allows property to be settled in such a manner that the owners have short or defective leasing powers. I cannot give you a better illustration of the effects of strict estate settlements in this respect than by stating a remarkable case, the outline of which has been furnished to me. About fifteen years ago, an enterprising capitalist was anxious to build a flax-mill in the north of Ireland, as a change had become necessary in the northern linen trade from hand-spinning to mill-spinning, in order to enable the trade to be carried on in competition with the mill-spinning in England and on the continent. He selected as the site for his mill a place in a poor but populous district, which had the advantage of being situated on a navigable river, and being in the immediate vicinity of extensive turf bogs. The inhabitants of the district were well suited for the new manufacture, as they had been long accustomed to the hand-spinning and weaving of the linen trade. The capitalist applied to the landlord for a lease of fifty acres for a mill site, labourers' village, and his own residence, and of fifty acres of bog, as it was proposed to use turf as the fuel for the steam-engines of the mill. The landlord was most anxious to encourage an enterprise so well calculated to

* The above sketch of Mr Wilson's career and professional character is abridged chiefly from an article in the 'Edinburgh Courant' newspaper.

improve his estate. He therefore offered to give all the land required, one hundred acres, at a nominal rent; to grant the longest lease which his settlement would allow him to do; to renew the lease every year as long as he lived; and to give a recommendation to his successor to deal liberally with the capitalist. An agreement was concluded on these terms; but when the flax-spinner consulted his legal adviser, he discovered that the law prevented the landlord from carrying out the very liberal terms he had agreed to. He was bound, by settlement, to let at the best rent only; he could not, therefore, reduce the rent to a nominal amount; and for the same reason he could not renew the lease each year at the old rent, as, once the mill was erected, he was bound by the terms of the settlement to set at the best rent—that is, to add the rent of the mill to the old rent. The longest lease the landlord could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years. Such a lease, however, at the full rent of the land, was quite too short a term to secure the flax-spinner in laying out his capital in buildings; the statute enabling tenants to lease for mill sites only allowed leases of three acres, and could not be extended to fifty. The landlord suggested that, by the custom of the estate, the interest of the tenant was never confiscated, and therefore the flax-spinner would be safe. But the flax-spinner found that this good understanding between landlord and tenant was not a marketable commodity on which he could raise money, and it would not answer him to have capital invested in any way that he could not readily pledge it with his bankers, for the purpose of raising the floating capital always necessary to carry on his business. For these reasons, or, in other words, in consequence of the legal impediments arising from the limited nature of the landlord's leasing power, the mill was not built; and mark the consequences. Some twenty miles from the site I have alluded to, the flax-spinner found land in which he could get a perpetual interest; there he laid out his thousands in buildings and machinery; there he has for the last fifteen years given employment to hundreds of labourers, and has earned money by his own exertions. The poor and populous district continues as populous, but, if anything, poorer than it was; for whilst the people have lost employment at hand-spinning, no mill-spinning has taken its place. Their weavers have to get their yarn from other places, such as the town twenty miles off, where the state of the law allowed mills to be erected. During the past seasons of distress, the people of that district suffered much from want of employment, and the landlord's rents were worse paid out of it than from any other part of his estate. Could there be a stronger case to prove how much the present state of Ireland arises from the state of the law? Here was no ignorance or perverse disposition. The flax-spinner knew his business, as his success for fifteen years has proved; the landlord opposed no short-sighted selfishness to the arrangement; there was no combination nor outrage amongst the people; but the law alone was the impediment. By this cause all parties were injured: the poor people were deprived of employment at building, at spinning, and at cutting turf; the landlord suffered in the poverty of his tenantry preventing the increase of his rent; the millowner had to use English and Scotch coal instead of Irish turf. It is in vain to teach the people that turf is cheaper than coal, if the law will not let mills be built in turf bogs. It is in vain to tell the people 'at it is their fault if they have not employment in mill-spinning like their neighbours, when the law prevents the erection of mills.

The remedy for short or defective leasing powers is to create general statutory leasing powers for short terms, for farming purposes, and for long terms for buildings; and then to prohibit any settlement of property which does not provide for there always being some person to exercise these powers. This remedy was supplied about eighty years ago to the same evil, when arising under the perpetual entails in Scotland; and the owners were enabled to grant leases for fourteen years and one life, or for two lives, or for thirty years; and also to grant building leases for ninety-nine years. Similar statutory powers have been conferred in special cases in Ireland. Thus tenants in tail and tenants for life were, in 1800, empowered to make leases for lives renewable for ever, to persons covenanting to carry on the cotton manufacture. But this power was accompanied with unwise restrictions: thus, the number of acres to be leased could not exceed fifteen. Then the party erecting the mill had no power to change the trade, for the covenant of renewal was void if the trade

were not carried on for two years. Now the flax trade has almost entirely supplanted the cotton trade in the north of Ireland, and the largest fortunes have been made by those who were the first to change the cotton machinery for the flax machinery; but in mills built under this leasing power, the millowners could not change their trade without forfeiting their right to the renewal of the lease that secured their mills. By another act, passed in 1785, a general leasing power was given for terms of years or for lives renewable for ever, for the erection of mills; but this power was restrained by allowing only three acres to be included in the lease, which rendered it wholly inapplicable in the case I have mentioned, where the millowner required upwards of fifty acres. In the same manner, the leasing powers for the mines in Ireland were so restrained, as to paralyse in a great measure this important branch of our industrial resources; and it was only in the last session of parliament that the efforts of those interested in mines to obtain a removal of those restrictions were partially successful when an act was passed on the subject. All these restrictions are founded on the economic fallacy, that parties who expend capital on land, will not make the most profitable use of their own improvements if left to themselves, and require to be restrained by legal provisions from injuring themselves. As long as this fallacy was generally believed, legislation was accordant with the scientific principles of the day; but at the present time, when this fallacy has been completely refuted, and when it is no longer believed by any economist or statesman of character, it is not a little surprising to find the legislation framed upon it still allowed to retain its place on the statute-book.

After this, who need wonder that Ireland should be what it is? The people cannot improve in circumstances, because the law won't let them!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the 'Times' there has lately appeared some articles worthy of serious consideration on the subject of the slave trade—the substance of the whole being, that the maintenance of a British preventive squadron on the coast of Africa is little better than a farce; and that, both on the score of humanity and expense, it ought to be withdrawn. All who peruse the authorised statements on this much misunderstood question must, we think, arrive at the same conviction. The following statistics, taken from Foreign Office Reports, are singularly instructive:—

	Number of Slaves Exported.	Number Captured by Cruisers.
1840	64,114	3,616
1841	45,007	5,996
1842	29,400	3,930
1843	55,062	2,797
1844	54,102	4,577
1845	36,758	3,519
1846	76,117	2,788
1847	84,356	3,987

Thus the proportion of captures has seldom reached 10 per cent.; and this at a cost to Great Britain of about £700,000 a year, and the loss of a large number of mariners. If any conclusive confirmation were wanted of the truth which has been so repeatedly laid down, that the fluctuations of the slave trade were wholly irrespective of our intervention, and depended solely on the demand for slave produce in the markets of Europe, it would be found in a second table quoted by the 'Times,' which exhibits a comparative view of the extent of the trade at different periods, and of the prices, at such periods, of ordinary Havana sugar:—

	Average Price of Sugar per Cwt.	Rise or Fall.	Increase or Decrease in Slave Trade.
1820 to 1825	31 0	—	—
1825 to 1830	34 6	9 per cent. rise	21 per cent. increase
1830 to 1835	24 9	29 ... fall	37 ... decrease
1835 to 1840	29 3	19 ... rise	73 ... increase
1840	25 4	13 ... fall	53 ... decrease
1841 to 1844	21 1	17 ... fall	29 ... decrease
1845 to 1847	25 7	18 ... rise	44 ... increase

The suppression of the African slave trade by armed cruisers is demonstrated to be an impossibility. John Bull must change his tactics: his costly philanthropy has done nothing but mischief!

SERVILITY.

The servility which pursues individuals of the 'distinguished,' 'exalted,' or royal classes, to record their minutest and most trivial actions with painstaking elaboration, is a very low and base instinct at all times; ridiculous at the best, sometimes disgusting and defiling. There is mixed up with it a spirit the very reverse of reverential. It can be no genuine reverence which dogs the footsteps of kings and princes to note every paltry movement, and make a wonderment of every remark, as though it were surprising that a prince should have his faculties about him. A royal court cannot visit a factory, and make an intelligent observation, but that corypheus of footmen, the Court newsman, repeats the saying with applause, as nurses do when a baby begins to predicate truisms about its pap or its toys. The homage, we all know, is paid to the 'exalted station'; but there must, after all, be something very humiliating to the most hardened recipient of such homage in the gross disparagement which it implies of the individual. A sovereign has senses like other men: if you tickle him, he will laugh; if you show to him suffering humanity, he will grieve; if you exhibit before him good-feeling, he will be pleased, and will express his pleasure in suitable terms. But these consequences are matters of course. The exalted personage behaves as all persons of sense and decent feeling would do; and if you express wonder at the fact, you must suppose an exalted person to be something below human nature. You are regarding the crowned creature with the same feeling as a curiosity-hunter, who admires an elephant or a monkey for behaving 'so like a man'; and while you worship that person whom you seek to exalt by your wonder, you debase him by its implication, and are yourself degraded to the level of those who make idol deities of inferior animals—the monkey-worshippers of Japan, and the ex-adorsers of Egypt.—*Spectator*. [The above is well put; but we would remind the 'Spectator' that by confining its record of births, deaths, and marriages, to persons of 'exalted station' only, or for the greater part, it may be said to be chargeable with a species of that servility which it very properly condemns.]

DOMESTIC TELEGRAPH.

The extraordinary despatch of railways and electric telegraphs seems to have given an impetus to the national character in economising time in an infinite variety of ways never even dreamt of a few years ago. A scientific member of the Society of Friends has rendered the novel material of gutta-percha tubing subservient to an important saving of time and footsteps in the domestic circle. In consequence of the peculiar power possessed by this tubing for the transmission of sound, he has applied it for the conveyance of messages from the parlour to the kitchen. Even a whisper at the parlour mouthpiece is distinctly heard when the ear is applied at the other end. Instead, therefore, of the servant having to answer the bell as formerly, and then descend to the kitchen to bring up what is wanted, the mistress calls attention by gently blowing into the tube, which sounds a whistle in the kitchen, and then makes known her wants to the servant, who is able at once to attend to them. By this means the mistress not only secures the execution of her orders in half the usual time, but the servant is saved a double journey.—*Daily News*.

HOW TO MAKE WINE.

When the wine is about half fermented, it is transferred from the vat to tuns, and brandy, several degrees above proof, is thrown in, in the proportion of twelve to twenty-four gallons to the pipe of *must*, by which the fermentation is greatly checked. About two months afterwards, the mixture is coloured thus: a quantity of dried elder berries is put into coarse bags; these are placed in vats, and a part of the wine to be coloured being thrown over them, they are trodden by men till the whole of the colouring matter is expressed; from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of dried elder berries being used to the pipe of wine! Another addition of brandy, of from four to six gallons per pipe, is now made to the mixture, which is then allowed to rest for about two months. At the end of this time, it is, if sold (which it is tolerably sure to be after such judicious treatment), transferred to Oporto, where it is sacked two or three times, and receives probably two gallons more brandy per pipe; and it is then considered

fit to be shipped to England, its being about nine months old; and at the time of shipment one gallon more of brandy is usually added to each pipe. The wine, thus having received at least twenty-six gallons of brandy per pipe, is considered by the merchant sufficiently strong—an opinion which the writer at least is not prepared to dispute.—*Forrester's Word or Two on Port Wine*.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

SHE was not fair nor young: at eventide
There was no friend to sorrow by her side;
The time of sickness had been long and dread,
For strangers tended, wishing she were dead,
She pined for heaven, and yet feared to die—
To die—to penetrate that mystery!

How often in the long and quiet night,
When the dim taper shed a flickering light,
And the old watch within its well-worn case
Loudly proclaimed time speeding on apace,
She fixed her eyes upon a casket near,
While down her pallid cheek there stole a tear!

She knew that careless hands aside would cast
The dear memorials of a cherished past;
The rifled casket's inmost hoards survey,
And with cold words and idle laugh display
Some withered flowers and a braid of hair—
Those priceless treasures she had garnered there.

The glittering baubles, and the chain of gold,
These would be cared for, and their value told;
But for the tokens oft bedewed with tears
Throughout the silent memory of years—
Oh for the strength of hand and nerve of heart
To rear their funeral pyre ere life depart!

It might not be—for with the morning hours
Again she gazed upon those faded flowers.
The shadows of the past around her fell
With agonised and yet entrancing spell;
To sever that last link no power was given—
Doth human weakness pity find in heaven?

She was not fair nor young: at eventide
None placed those worshipped relics by her side
Within the coffin bed where she reposed
In white habiliments—her eyelids closed:
Looking so weary, e'en the stranger said,
'Poor thing! she resteth—peace be with the dead!'

C. A. M. W.

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